

HARK, THROUGH THE AIR.

A DIRGE

to the Memory of the late

HON. HENRY CLAY

Written and Sung by

MISS JEAN L. BRUCE

Composed by

GEO. F. BRISTOW.

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HARK THROUGH THE AIR,**a****Dirge, to the memory of the late,****HON^{ble} HENRY CLAY.****Written by Miss Jean L. Bruce.****Composed by Geo. F. Bristow.**

*Andante
Affettuoso*

p

f

dim

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by William Vanderbeek,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court, of the Southern District of New York.

2^d V. He lives, he lives, though life's frail spell is o'er, His
1st V. Hark, through the air, what wailing e - chos sound, Tis

migh - ty spir - it speaks from out the past, Like
sorrow, from ten thou - sand thou - sand hearts, We

rol - ling waves his sacred words shall pour, While
mourn for one whose soul its rest hath found, Whose

freedom's name or freedom's pulse shall last, freedom's pulse shall
minds light lingers though life's beam de - parts, though life's beam de -

last, He sleeps, he sleeps, death is the vic - - - tor now, Co - - -

- - parts, Oh, glo - - rious being hush'd on earth for aye, In

- - lum bia's noble wisdom's fore - - most son, Earth's high - - est hon - - ors

sol - - - emn notes thy hallow'd mem' - ry'll rise, Thy name a watchword

crown his slum'ring brow, Heav'n rings with joy he hath its portals won, Rest

fix'd in freedom's way, Thy deeds like sun - beams on her bright'ning skies, A

no - ble spir - - it rest, high o'er times gath'ring wave, Thy im

requiem fills the earth, sad as the billows surge, Tis

mortal fame shall rise, and triumph o'er the grave, Rest
 li - ber - ty in tears, wails forth her patriot's dirge, A

no - ble spir - it rest, high o'er times gathering wave, Thy im -
 requiem fills the earth, sad as the billows surge, Tis

mor - tal fame shall rise, and tri - umph o'er the grave.
 li - ber - ty in tears, wails forth her patriot's dirge. a tempo

cres sf ff p